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PUCK BUILDING, New York, April 10th, 1907.

PRICE TEN CENTS

"What fools these mortals be!"

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY

DO NOT TAKE FROM LOCKER ROOM

Puck

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"COO, MON!"

THE SKIBO DOVE OF PEACE.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN  
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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### "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THAT Harriman-Webster letter, as to "saving" the Republican party in New York State, must have made excellent reading for a certain Esopus farmer.

WE TRUST, for the sake of mere fairness to the laboring man, that the correspondent of the *Sun* who had to write those "Jerome Gains Strength Daily" stories from Buffalo last fall was not also assigned to do the "President May Speak Out" despatches from Washington recently.

IN THEIR leisure moments Wall Street typewriters have been getting up speed on the line: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the market."

MARGARET ANGLIN, they say, is to quit Henry Miller. Margaret would do well to consult Mrs. Leslie Carter on the wisdom of trying to get along without a Svengali.

MAYOR SCHMITZ' opposition to the Japanese school children was no doubt based on the vivid fear that they would grow up and, having been educated on the American plan, get some of the graft.

INCIDENTALLY, Commissioner Bingham and Assistant District Attorney Ely are trying to find out how Sergeants, Captains, and Inspectors, who earn salaries ranging from \$2,000 to \$3,750 a year, are able to lend to a clerk in Headquarters amounts of \$500 and \$1,000 without security.—*Daily Paper*.

Curious, too, how a chorus girl earning \$18 a week is able to own an automobile. What can the answer be?

"DON'T FLINCH, don't foul, hit the line hard." It is a good motto, Mr. President, whether "the line" be college boys in mole-skins, or Wall Street confidence men in railroad private offices.

WE OFTEN wonder what would happen if the Secretary of the Treasury should some time refuse to "relieve the situation"

created by the Wall Street gamblers. Very likely the consequences would be appalling. The stars of heaven would fall unto the earth even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken of a mighty wind; and the heaven would depart as a scroll when it is rolled together, and every mountain and island would move out of their places.

CANDIDATE TAFT would carry Cuba all right.

MR. ROOSEVELT is more than "three gentlemen at once," as Mrs. Malaprop said of Cerberus. He is eight or nine gentlemen at once, each of them looking toward a different point of the compass.

IF THE soul weighs an ounce and is able to ascend when it leaves the human shell, there is still hope for the man who tries to lift himself by his bootstraps.

WHEN WE witness the capacity of the Irish for self government in America, we can see no good reason why they are not capable of self government in Ireland.—*Vice-President Fairbanks*.

Or of helping the boom of a certain Indiana candidate for the Presidency.



#### "THE PRESIDENT MAY SPEAK OUT."

A delegation of business men called on the President yesterday and urged him to make a speech which would restore public confidence in their securities.  
—*Near-news Item*.





AT MR. COHENSTEIN'S COUNTRY PLACE.

FROM THE GT. AM. NOVEL.

THE little cabin in the Nevada woods was filled with sunshine. To the west rose the mountain ranges peak upon peak—a glittering line of giants.

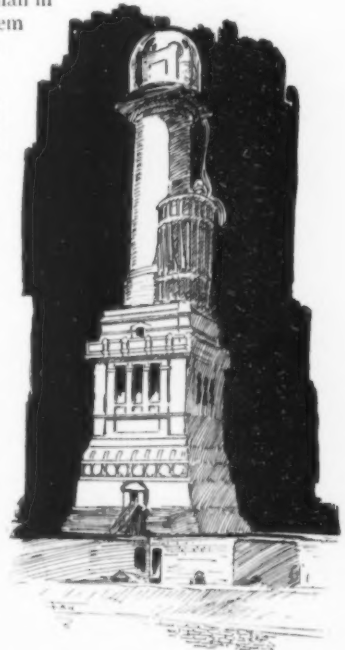
The old man at the fireside roused himself with an effort. "Jabez," he called, "hev ye watered the stock yet, Jabez?" "Yes, father," said the stalwart young man in a miner's shirt, "I watered 'em all except them 476 shares pertainin' to the Golden Nugget Bonanza mine."

"You're a good son to me, Jabez," sighed the old man as he forced his wavering fingers to the composition of an extra-size ad. for the morning papers.

NEXT!

**AGENTS WANTED**—Live, strong men to sell the only official and authentic history of the celebrated Thaw-White tragedy. NOW READY. 5,879 pages and 1,450 illustrations. Bound in red velvet. Nothing left to the imagination. Portraits of all the principals, including Abe Hummel and 25—count 'em—25 brain-storm forecasters. This is the book you've been waiting for. The hottest seller ever produced on this or any other continent. One agent took 755 readers in 30 minutes. Opportunity is now boosting—not knocking—at your door. 300 per cent. profit. Send \$1.00 for outfit.

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Any Large City.



FOR LIBERTY'S PEDESTAL.



THE BEST IN THE HOUSE.

HOTEL CLERK.—A room with bath is three dollars per day, Colonel. PROMINENT AND INFLUENTIAL SON OF THE DARK AND BLOODY GROUND.—Yes, suh; but that is of no interest to me, suh. What I wish to know, suh, is the price of a room with *drinks*!

AFTER the Wall Street financiers have forced stocks down they clamor for government money so they can buy them up cheap.

**If you want to learn to be a gentleman, just buy a good dog and watch him.**



SEEMS LIKE these wonderful automobiles  
Ain't just the certainest things on wheels,  
For I understand you may take your girl  
Out, by herself, on a little whirl,  
And just get started to say your say —  
Enjoying yourself in a quiet way —  
When the durned machine gives a funny "chug"  
And there's something wrong with the sparking plug?

Automobiles are swell, of course,  
But for Mame and me there's an old white horse.  
The automobiles may pass us by  
But sooner or later we leave 'em dry,  
While we amble on through the beck'ning lanes  
With no attention to gait or reins,  
Knowing full well, as we sit all snug,  
That we can depend on *our* sparking plug.

He's steady, he is — though he may be slow  
And his patent dates from the long-ago,  
But he moves us on, and he gets us through,  
And what he has to perform, he'll do!  
So quite sufficient for Mame and me  
To nestle with nothing to oversee;  
Newer devices there are, a drug,  
But here's to the old white sparking plug.

Edwin L. Sabin

#### THE LIGHTS OF PROGRESS.



RIP VAN WINKLE, having closed his long-term lease on the Kaaterskill location, clambered rustily down toward the highway that he expected to lead him home. He weeded bits of moss and rubbish from his beard as he dotted along, and kept an ancient eye querulously alert for some place where he might obtain an antidote to the dry rot, of which he

feared himself to have contracted a severe case. The twilight was deepening when he was gladdened by the distant gleam of lights, that meant to him the village with its cheery tavern. The archaic gentleman, straining his weather-worn system to keep a two-mile schedule, soon encountered a youth, the descendant, not impossibly, of Nicholas Vedder himself.

"I pray you, young sir," said the ancient with quavering eagerness, "how far may it be to yonder village?"

The youth stared scornfully.

"Wha'cha givin' us?" he asked with ready courtesy.

Rip pointed his rusty firelock toward the illumination.

"I ask if it may still be far to yonder large village, that calls us with its clustering lights."

Young Up-To-Date snorted with disdain.

"Village? G'wan, you're bug-house!" he cried. "Those lights is nothing but Connie Dugan's new six-cylinder whizzer. Look out there! Gee whiz!"

A few moments later, when the situation, the dust, the gravel and a few other trifles had cleared up enough for Mr. Van Winkle to use his aged breath again, his nostrils were filled by an evil stench that, in time, he would learn to recognize as gasoline.

S. R. Osborn.

#### HE KNEW.

SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER. — What does the parable of the Prodigal Son teach us?

BOBBY THICKNECK. — Not to be fatted calves, ma'am.

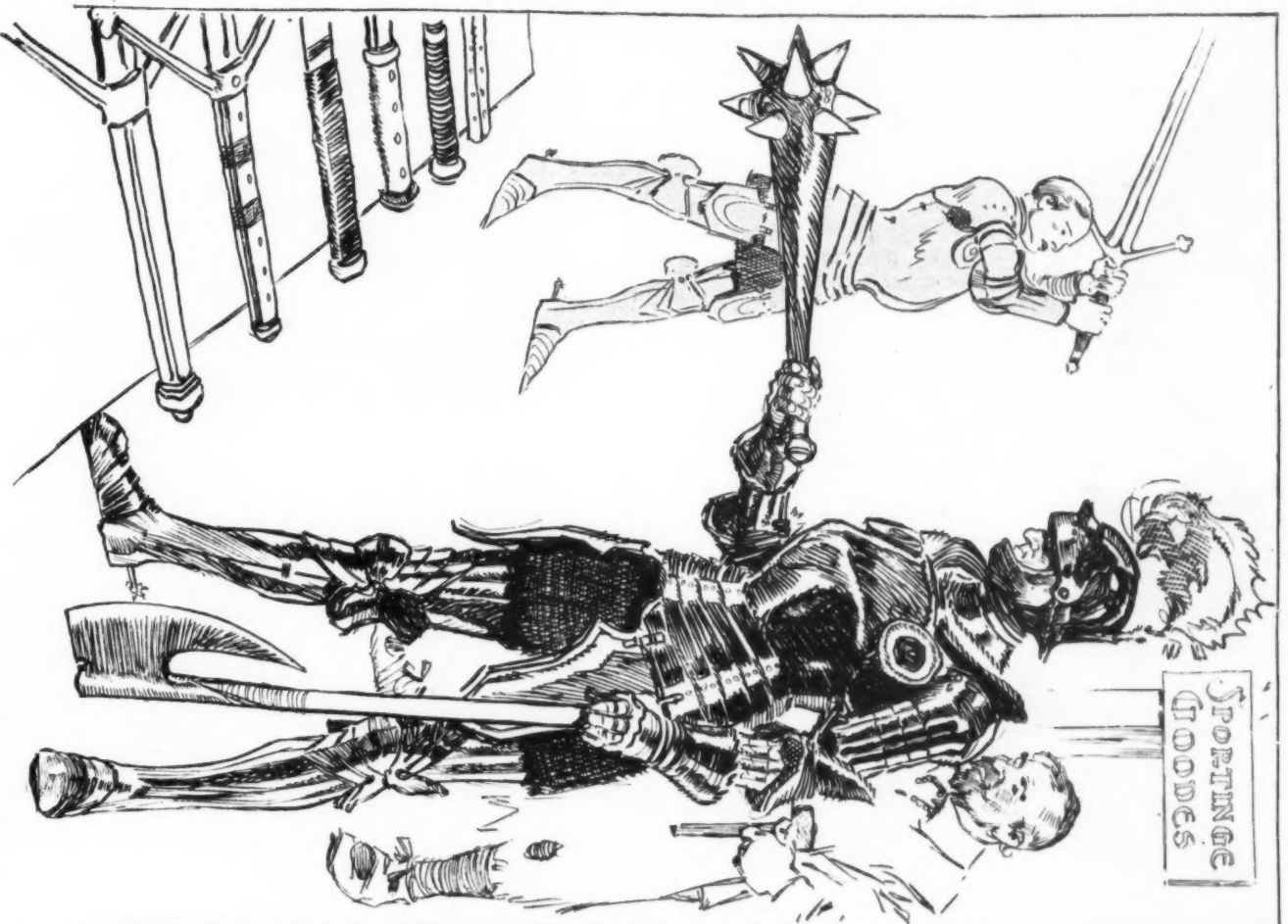


#### EVEN IN THOSE DAYS.

MRS. FLINTAXE (to her neighbor, Mrs. Dampcove). — Children have their fads the same as grown-ups. See how little Roxsie has deserted her doll for that ridiculous Teddy Dinosaur.

***It is not true that baby-talk is a dead language. Plenty of poodle-dogs can understand no other.***





OPENING OF THE SEASON, 1407.

THE DECADENCE OF OUTDOOR SPORT.

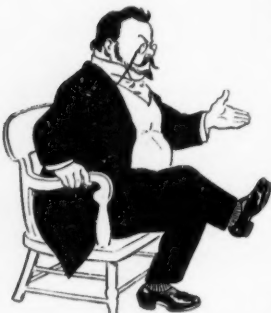


OPENING OF THE SEASON, 1007.

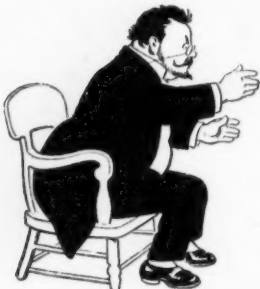
# HOW HE MADE HOME.



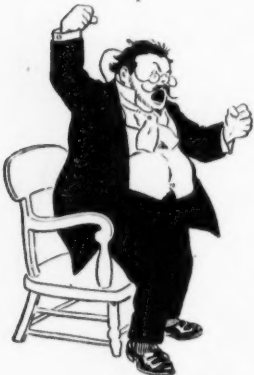
The Insanity Expert Takes the Stand.



Direct Examination.



Cross Examination.



Rebuttal.



Surrebuttal.

HICKELDORFER'S wide nostrils emitted a musical melange. He snored. The curtain fluttered in the wild, sweet breeze of spring. The flutter, together with the far moan of a subway train and the blended roar of an elevated a block away, caused Hickeldorfer to fancy that a rippling groan of consternation had risen from the bleachers. He raised himself upon his elbows, dusted his breast and his padded pants. Funny, that he had believed he was at home, asleep, luxuriantly snoring.

He understood now that he had been spiked at third, and was half stunned. That rumble in his ears, forsooth, was the rush of Red which now spurted from his nostrils. Yet it called him to realization, keen, alert, tense.

He was caught between Third and Home, and the bleachers were in eager agony! With every sense alive and his brain on featheredge, the shock of the collision at Third died away in an instant, and as he danced warily away from Third, a prayer rose in his soul that he might make Home by any sort of a juggle or slip or miss or fluke that the patron saint of Bill Hickeldorfer might in his infinite compassion vouchsafe.

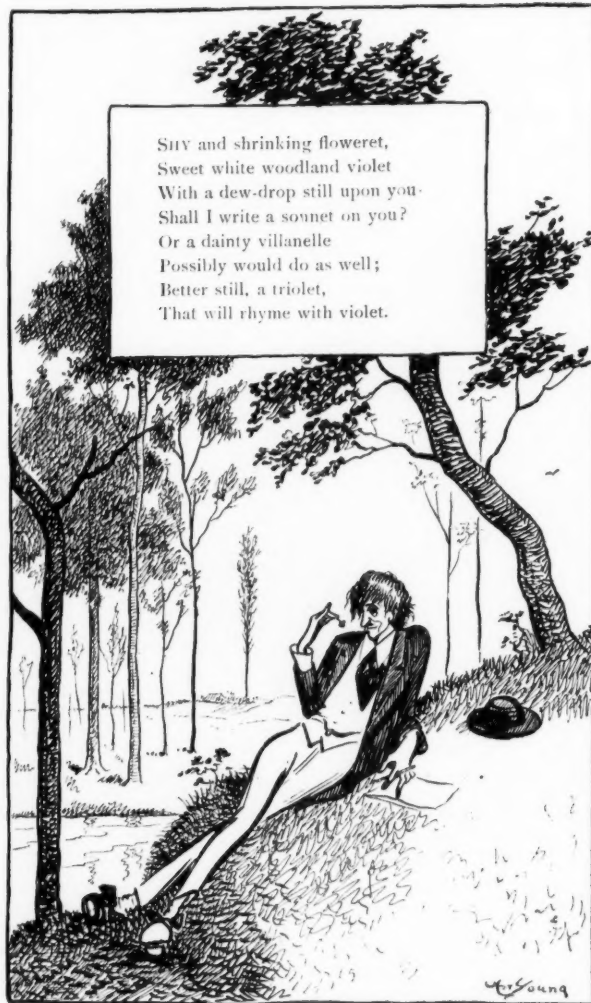
Groans, hisses, cries, imprecations, prayers, shrieks, and a rattling volley of mad advice flew at Hickeldorfer from the bleachers. Funny institution, those bleachers. Even as he danced and prayed, and snorted and inwardly groaned and pirouetted between the fiend at Third and the demon at Home, Hickeldorfer was impressed with the mighty truth that in baseball the bleachers are filled with sweetest friends, or enemies most malign, while the grand stand is but a remote and uninteresting aggregation of mere Muts and Dubs (save for the millinery).

Sweat, fiery, biting sweat—ran in a torrent down the manly breast of Hickeldorfer. Sound ran riot in his ears. They were closing in upon him. The fiend at Third glared horribly; the ball left his hand with a snappy short arm throw, and the demon who had advanced from Home had it, and his breath was almost upon Hickeldorfer as he turned and dodged:—Hickeldorfer did an oriental *pas mas la* wonderful beyond wild dreams of fantasy.

No such contribution of steps ever before had been executed on a ball field.



After the Trial.



SHY and shrinking floweret,  
Sweet white woodland violet  
With a dew-drop still upon you—  
Shall I write a sonnet on you?  
Or a dainty villanelle  
Possibly would do as well;  
Better still, a triolet,  
That will rhyme with violet.

THE LAZY SPRINGPOTE.

A mighty, rippling, tremendous huzzah rose from the bleachers. Then—Horror! Ten thousand devils—Kelly, the pitcher, blocked Hickeldorfer ten feet from home. The ball was in his grimy fist, and a leer was upon his unclassic and hateful features. Such a devastating, shattering groan shot forth from the frenzied bleachers as must have terrified the stoutest heart. Hickeldorfer groaned in accord—a cry of agony from the depths of his soul that went to High Heaven. He turned; his legs quivered; his muscles snapped with pain. He danced a dozen feet toward the fiend at Third, who now was backed by half the team. The other half backed Kelly. The Home plate looked like a mass meeting of citizens, in baseball uniforms. Hickeldorfer almost laughed—the horrible laugh of hysteria, as he turned toward the distorted and unlovely face of Kelly. Merciful Heavens! Why didn't somebody throw the ball, somewhere? Who had it, anyhow?

Hickeldorfer's nerves gave way with a crash. He made a wild and flying leap, and slid for Home, in the midst of a strident, swelling, awesome howl from the bleachers.

Kelly, the cur, had spiked him! His head lay against Kelly's dastardly leg.

No, it was a chair leg,—Hickeldorfer's eye saw, through the haze, his wife. She was bending over his prostrate form. He was on the floor of his bedroom. He had made Home—the night before.

Fred Ladd.

## THE BANE AND THE ANTIDOTE.

GABE GOSHALL (on the south-east corner of the drygoods box).—It must be tur'ble t' be ketched out in a brain-storm.

HI HEMLOCK (on the south-west corner of the drygoods box).—W'y, all a feller'd hev t' do 'ud be t' h'ist one o' them paranoias, an' he'd never know 'twuz rainin'.

WE hold this truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, but in order to leave no possible room for doubt about it, we insist on the dress coat at all formal affairs.



# PUCK



## AN EXPECTED CONCESSION.

BRAKEMAN (on the Public-be-Damned Railway, 1910).—Next station is Rottenrails! Fifteen minutes for prayers!

## April Arias.

### TO EMMA EAMES.

"I want to be free, I want to be a girl again and go back to the Maine woods."—*Emma Eames.*



ADAME, say that you were free,  
And your present dream  
might be:  
Would you be a girl again  
In the magic woods of Maine  
If, perforce, you had to part  
With the memories of your  
art,

Struggle, triumph, laughter, tears,  
All that went to make the years —  
All the pleasure, all the pain —  
Since you walked the woods of Maine?  
Would you take the backward trail  
From the summit to the vale,  
Giving back to Father Time  
All the memories of the climb?  
No; oh, no! Who would descend,  
Beggared at the journey's end?  
Heavy is the toll they pay  
On the Road to Yesterday.

When the archaeologist of the future digs up Manhattan, after the Decline and Fall, and brings to light a marble throne — whole rows of marble thrones — he will ponder the use to which they were put by the barbarians of the Twentieth century. And he will be a long time in guessing that they were seats in the bootblack department of a terribly swell hotel.

## CLOGGING THE WHEELS OF PROGRESS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 24. — The Pennsylvania Railroad, it is said, is about to order several improvements now under way to be stopped. — *The Sun.*

As a protest against the persecution of the railroads the Erie road, it is said, has decided to postpone the erection of a new water tank at Skeeterville.

The New Haven road has abandoned the idea of a new station at Cos Cob, for which the plans were recently drawn. "Before entering upon this monster enterprise," said President Melten, "we wish to know where we stand."

It had been the intention of the Harlem Division of the New York Central road to equip its trains this summer with sanitary water-coolers, but the order has been cancelled. "As matters now stand," said the President, "we can take no forward step."

Friends and countrymen, suppose we let up on the railroads for awhile.



## THE BLOCK SYSTEM.

We fear that our piratical friend Mr. Harriman will not share in any "restoration of confidence." Mr. Harriman has had as bad a fall as Humpty Dumpty, and the whole crew of confidence restorers will hardly succeed in setting him up again.

Of course "Roosevelt is the railroad's best friend." As the stern parent, with slipper poised, preludes: "You know, Willie, that this hurts me more than it does you." *B. L. T.*



## THE THIRTEENTH TASK.

JUPITER. — And now, O Hercules, just to show there is no hard feeling, hustle down to the Isthmus and dig the Panama Canal!

**O**nly the unsuccessful have time to write books on Success.



THE PUCK PRESS

OVER WITH THE



ALUMNI ASSOCIATION  
PROPERTY



TH THE CHE-ILD!

# PUCK



## WHAT BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN.

CECIL MOTORTON (*the villain*).—Pardon me, Miss, but won't you allow me to take you to your home in my automobile?

HELEN, THE HARRASSED HAIRDRESSER.—NEVER! You gasoline-scented cur! I'd rather cling to a strap from the Battery to Harlem than lounge in the most luxurious Limousine car that ever ran over a poor working man!

## PITTSBURG SOCIETY.

(Some "Sudden-Rich" Letters recently found in a waste paper warehouse.)

"THE POPLARS," PITTSBURG, Pa., }  
June 20, 1902.

DEAR MARY:—

Well, John is no longer a mill hand. He has sold his machine patent to the United States Steel Company for \$500,000, and he gets a royalty, I think they call it, of \$10,000 a year for twenty-years. Just think of it—no more scrubbing and bakeing—nothing but theaters, receptions, and other social funk-sions. We have bought a fine place on Beechwood boulevard—a kational house with big pillars in front, and we have a telephone and an aughttoe. Next week we are going to Cambridge Springs, but before going I must buy all furniture for our new house, and John says that the proper thing is to have Orient ruggets in the parlor and library.

We want to try the springs for John's rumatiz. It is awful the way he suffers. He has been taking Terkish baths but they don't help him. Everything is so changed that I don't know hardly what to say. Now that we have money everybody else that is wealthy wants to get acquainted with us, but I kind of hold back. You know, Mary, I've always had aristokratic instincts natural-like, so it isn't hard for me to adopt myself to my new conditions, but I'm partikular about the friends I make, for one has to be careful. With John it is different. He still likes to set on the front porch, talks to anyone who talks to him, and still chews tobacco something awful. I bought him a book on etikette yesterday, and he is going to study it while at Cambridge.

The springs is a place where everybody goes what is anybody, so they say, and to make sure that we will get into society quick, John has seen all the newspapers, and has subscribed for all of them for five years, paying in advance. He says that's the way all people in Pittsburg, who get rich quick, get the good-will of the newspapers and become prominent.

Some of the folks that used to be our neibors near the mill think we ought to be just as friendly like as we used to, but John and me have talked the matter over. He allows the best way is to see something else and keep looking hard at it, when any of our old neibors comes in site, and I find the plan works fine. By not seeing them we don't hurt their feelings. Members of the Chamber of Commerce wants John to run for Congress, but I don't want him to—politicks is bad for a man with money. I'll write when we get to the springs.

With love, your cousin, REBECCA.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you, Mary. The other day while shopping I ran across a book called "The Correct Letter Writer." You ought to buy one of them. It helps a lot.

HOTEL RHINESTONE, PITTSBURG, Pa., }  
June 24, 1902.

DEAR COUSIN REBECCA:—

Your letter was very welcome. I had read in the papers about John's sale. I am here for dinner at six o'clock with Frank J—. I suppose you saw in the paper about his father striking another big oil well in West Virginia, and about him selling all his wells to the Standard Oil Company for \$750,000. And just to think—a year ago he wasn't worth \$5,000. It follows that Frank is in society now, and you must not be surprised if I send you word soon that we are engaged. I like him very much. He is such a real gentleman and is always so polite and



## THEIR LITILE CELEBRATION.

PETE COOPAH.—How'd you an' your wife celebrate your wooden weddin' yestidy?

JIM JOHNSON.—Oh, she hit me on de head wif a rollin' pin 'cause Ah wouldn't split some kindlin's!

**The World is a big mortar full of chunks of trouble; but a kind heart makes a darn good pestle.**



# PUCK

pleasant, not snobbish and changable. He has such an even temper-ature that any girl would like him, and he is showing me much atten-tion. All his intimate friends seem to be married folks. We were invited to dine at the homes of two of his friends last week, and in each case our hostess was a married man.

I am glad you are getting used to your new position in life. But that isn't hard to understand. It's just as you say, we are natural aristocrats, and all we need is money to show it. Be sure to tell Cousin John that it ain't proper to eat with his knife. Frank and me found that out last week. Mr. T——, one of our hostesses, who is a close friend of Frank's, told him, and he told me. Well, Frank has just come, so I must close. I'll write again soon.

Lovingly yours, MARY.

P.S.—John and you must get in the Blue Book right off. Frank and his Pa will have their names in the next edition. All you have to do is to order a copy and pay \$5 to \$25 to get your name in. That's why Pittsburg's Blue Book is so thick. Anybody whose name is in it is in society.

HOTEL RIDER, CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, }  
June 28, 1902. }

MY DEAR MARY:—

These springs is a queer place. Everybody here says they have something the matter with them, and the way they drink water is something awful. We are rite in the swim. The papers told all

about John selling his patent, and we are being feeted and dined every day. I have just met an official of the Pittsburg Coal Company and his wife. They say he's worth over a million dollars and that eight years ago he was a coal miner and his wife took in washing. He's kind of stuckup and I don't like him. She wears two little diamond rings, not over a carrot each. They are cheap affairs alongside the big one John bought me last week. He paid \$2,000 for it. Mary, there's nothing like travelling to give one a polish. Here at the hotel they have little bread dishes for each person at the table, and the waiters puts your butter on them and you lay your bread on them instead of on the table-cloth. John still tucks his napkin up in his collar unless I think to tell him not to.

I discharged my maid yesterday, because whenever I used big words she snickered. She is Annie Riley, the daughter of one of our old neighbors, and thinks herself better than other people because she went half way through high school. I'm getting on famus, just falling into the ways of other rich people here. Of course, it will take

time for me to get real polished, but I'm getting along now that I'm going around with the wife of a big stockholder in the Pittsburg Brewing Company. She's travelled a whole lot and tells me all about it. When we first met she asked me if I'd been around any, and I told her yes, that I'd been to Philadelphia, Youngstown, Uniontown, Greensburg and Wheeling. She said, "My, you've seen rite mutch," and then she laughed so pleasant like that I took a fancy to her rite off. Write when you get this. It seems to be the thing to get lots of letters here and to write lots.

With love, your cousin, REBECCA.

MONONGAHELA HOUSE, PITTSBURG, Pa., }  
JULY 3, 1902. }

DEAR COUSIN REBECCA:—

The Goddess of Good Fortune seems to be knocking at the doors of all Pittsburg people just now. Did you ever hear of such luck—Papa has made nearly a million dollars in the stock market. Just how he did it nobody seems to know. Six months ago I was giving him two dollars a week for car-fare and stogies out of my wages. He is going to buy a \$100,000 house on Squirrel Hill, and then we will stop at this hotel. In the fall he and I are going to Europe as he wants to buy an old ancestral castle on the Rhine in Switzerland that is for sale cheap. Yesterday he went to a swell mercantile tailor and was measured for six suites costing \$100 each, and he bought a \$15 silk hat. I asked him to buy an automobil but he says he don't like the smell of them. So instead, he is getting three horses and a pony. One is a buggy horse the others is a carriage team, and the pony is for me and I'm going to have a fateon. Instead of a carriage we are going to get one of them swell Queen Victorias. Papa says that because I'm an heiress he is going to get the ugliest footman and coachman in town, so that I won't fall in love and elope with either of them. But he don't need to worry, Frank P—— is my choice. He's over in New York now, and is going to stop in at Tiffany's. I guess that means a ring.

With love, MARY.

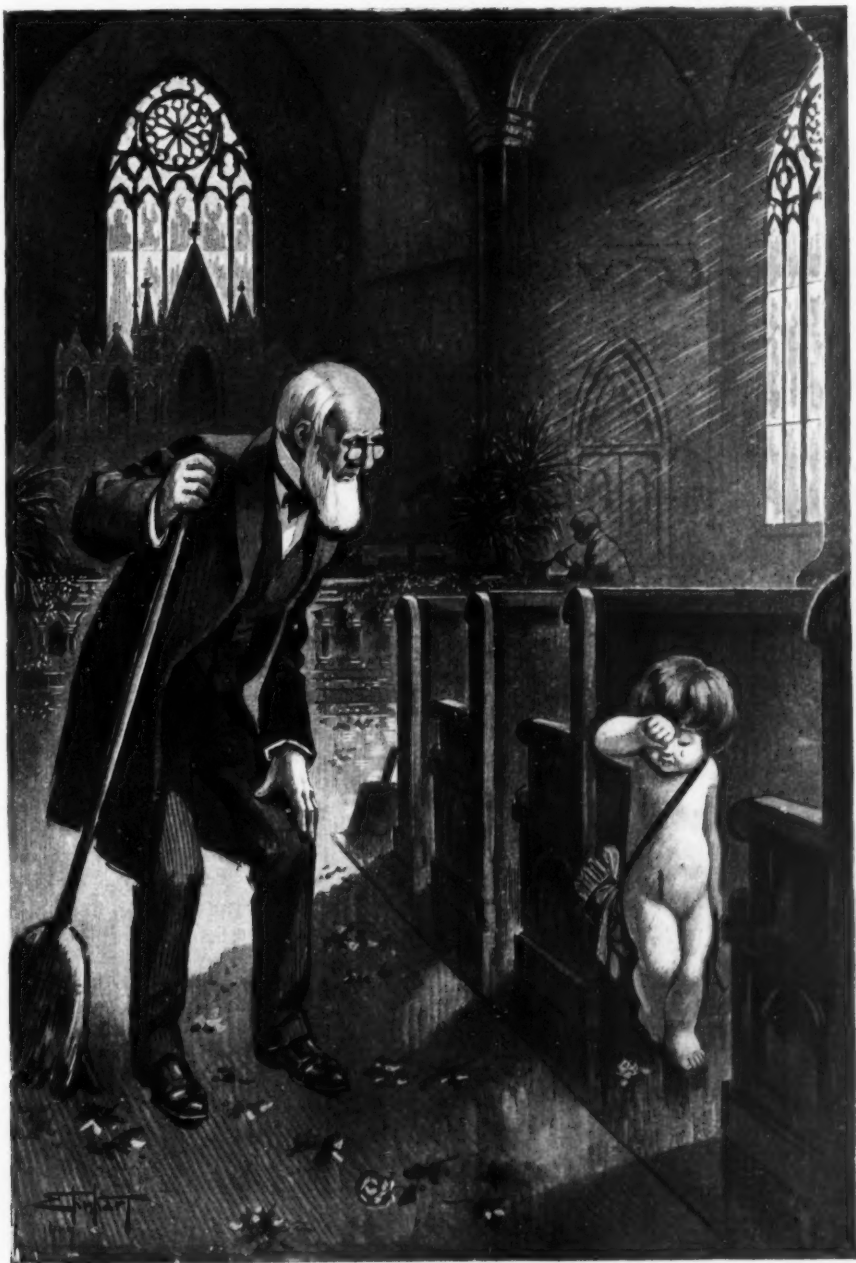
P.S.—Papa is bent on buying a real fine house. He says our present one is a great eel too old-fashioned. He wants a big new one with all model improvements, and he says that as I am his only child he is going to build a big department house with hawl boys and things and deed it to me, so that I will have an income all my life even if he should go broke playing stocks. It's certainly grand to be rich.

A. Wragmann.

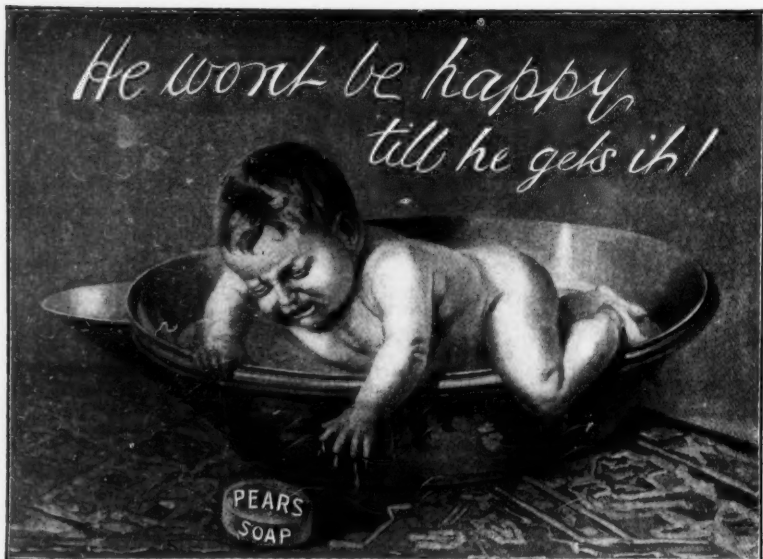


A WASTED EFFORT.

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.—Dear, dear! How careless of me I forgot to notice whether that solution I swallowed experimentally, yesterday, was poisonous or not.



AFTER THE CEREMONY — DESERTED.



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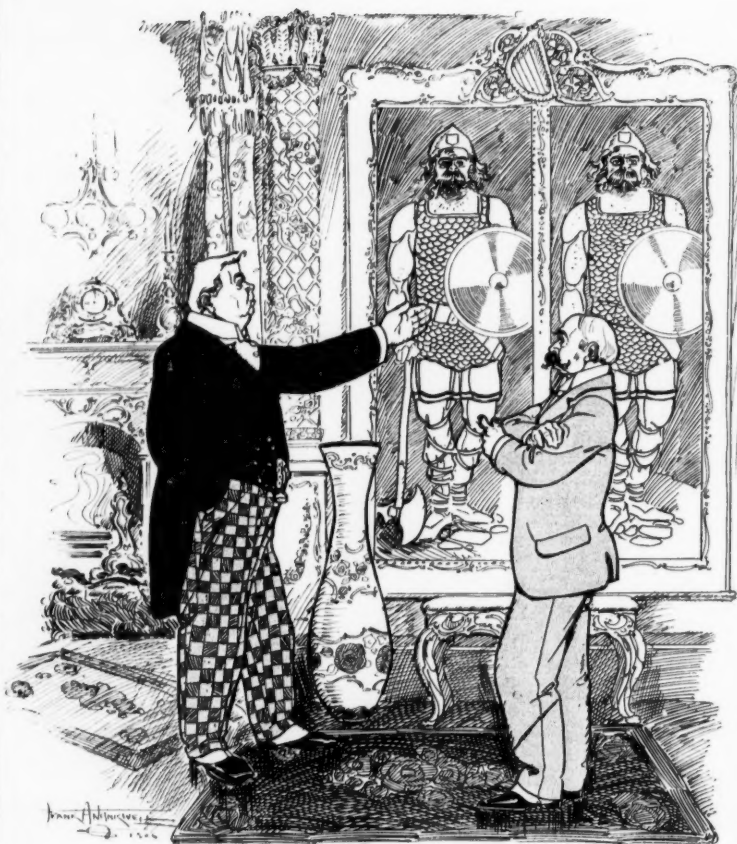
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**Bar Keeper's Friend**



### THE AXE BRIGADE.

SULLIVAN.—There's two av me more raymote ancistors who wor twin brothers.

O'BRIEN.—Both on th' foorce, I see.

SULLIVAN (warmly).—On th' foorce, say ye? Ye insultin' blackguard! I'll hov ye know they wor pr-rinces av th' real-lum!

O'BRIEN.—Thin, begorrah, they look as iv they wor goin' to raid a poolroom!

Add a little Abbott's Bitters to a glass of wine and you'll be surprised what a delightful tonic it makes.

### HIS MOTIVE.

"So you are going to lecture?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "not that I cared for the money, but it is a pleasure to get away from your stony-faced colleagues in Congress and face an audience that really wants to hear you talk."—*Washington Star*.

### POETICAL JUSTICE.

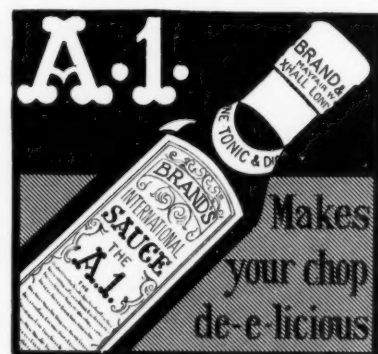
"Where was your uncle, the pawnbroker, last week?"

"In soak at Pittsburg."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THE CZAR of Russia, it is reported, has a strong dislike to being photographed alone. He particularly detests the people who are waiting to take a snap shot at him.—*Washington Post*.

# White Rock

"The Champagne of Waters"



FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

## THE PUCK PRESS

has unexcelled facilities for the production of printed matter in modern style at moderate prices.

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PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK

SEND FOR ESTIMATES



# HUNTER

## BALTIMORE RYE

**Is Absolutely Pure  
and is Guaranteed  
under The National  
Pure Food Law.**

This confirms its reputation,  
and its great popularity de-  
monstrates that it is the pre-  
ferred whiskey of those who

**KNOW THE BEST  
LIKE THE BEST  
BUY THE BEST**



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers,  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

### IT DEPENDS.

MRS. BACON.—Which do you think  
is the best talker—he or his wife?

MR. BACON.—Well, do you mean  
for quality or quantity?—*Yonkers  
Statesman.*

### LIVING UP TO HIS REPUTATION.

"But, Georgie, you promised to be  
a good boy."

"Well, you see, mamma, I was just  
tryin' to make true what you told  
Aunt Matilda."

"What did I tell Aunt Matilda?"

"You told her I was a promisin'  
child."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

HUDSON MAXIM announces that he  
has completed an invention which will  
make armor-plate useless. This ought  
to help some more toward the estab-  
lishment of universal peace. — *Chicago  
Record-Herald.*



CHEW...

**Beeman's**

THE ORIGINAL

**Pepsin**

**Gum**

Cures Indigestion and  
Sea-Sickness.

All Others are Imitations

### ONE OF MANY.

I wiggled from the nine hole  
Of piker clerks and drones,  
And ran a shoestring bank roll,  
Up to a million bones.

I shot at every market,  
And cashed most every day;  
But suddenly my target  
Took wings, and soared away.

The pendulum of finance  
Swung out so far it popped.  
We soon found out,  
Beyond a doubt,  
The bloomin' thing had stopped.

It left me where I started;  
A pertuse piker clerk,  
My wife's red hot,  
My bank roll's shot,  
So I must go to work.  
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

### QUITE ENOUGH.

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—Don't you  
think a man ought to tell his wife every-  
thing?

MR. CRIMSONBEAK.—No; only as  
much as he thinks the neighbors ought  
to know.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

### AN ADVANTAGE.

"A life of temperance and self-de-  
nial tends to promote cheerful conver-  
sation," said the philosopher.

"I suppose it does," answered Mr.  
Dustin Stax; "it may disappoint your  
stomach some, but it will keep your  
physician from talking to you about  
your liver."—*Washington Star.*

DON'T let last year's garden experi-  
ence discourage you. Your Congress-  
man's seeds may come up this year  
according to the label on the package.  
—*Indianapolis News.*

## JOHN JAMESON

### WHISKEY

Brings the highest  
price at auction.

Draw your own  
conclusions.

Sole Agents  
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.  
NEW YORK

CHICAGO believes that the original  
strap-hanger was a monkey. Perhaps  
the loop of the strap forms the missing  
link.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

WHEN a girl shows a young man  
one of her baby pictures, she is always  
disappointed if he doesn't ask her to  
give it to him.—*Somerville Journal.*

## BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.



Even if they cost more, their popu-  
larity would not be less—for Egyp-  
tian Deities are selected for their  
quality and not because of the price.

## EGYPTIAN DEITIES

### CIGARETTES

Connoisseurs select them everywhere because no  
better cigarette is known. Their quality is the  
highest ever obtained in the production of fine  
cigarettes.

No. 1 Size 10 for 35c.  
No. 3 Size 10 for 25c.

S. ANARGYROS, Mfr., 111 Fifth Ave., New York

Egyptian Scenes—Tomb of Queen Hatasu near Dier-el-Behai.



### RURAL PHILANTHROPY.

SILAS.—Tell ye it's a fact! Jabez hez writ to Andy Carnegie,  
volunteerin' to buy an' maintain a new set of checkers, if he'll furnish  
this here town with a new board.

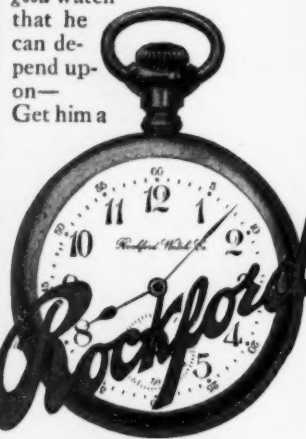
**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

A CHICAGO editor has been requested to inform a subscriber whether it would  
be all right for him to kiss a girl with whom he has been keeping company for some  
time. Before answering, the editor would no doubt like to see the girl.—*Wash. Post.*

SPRING came at us with a rush, but  
there'll be no hurry about cutting the grass.  
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

## Teach Your Boy The Value of Time

TEACH him to be punctual. Don't oblige him to depend on the mantel clock at home or the advertising clock on the corner. Get him a good watch that he can depend upon—  
Get him a



### Time for a Lifetime

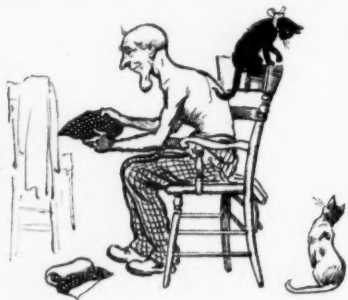
Every Rockford Watch is tested to run without a hair spring, to prove its "good works."

With no defects to "throw it off," Rockford adjustment of the hair spring and balance wheel to temperature and position is permanent.

Write us today for full information about all kinds of Rockford Watches.

**Rockford Watch Co.,**  
Rockford, Ill.

PLASTERING NEATLY DONE.



I.

LORD KITCHENER's father, who was a Spartan parent, was also a soldier; but in Ireland he turned his attention to breeding pigs as a source of income.  
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



II.

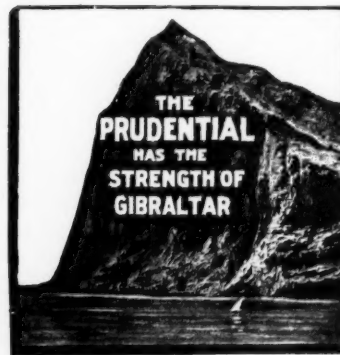
A NEW YORK woman who lost \$20 at a card party called for the police and had the game broken up. She needn't expect to be invited out much after this. —*Chicago Record-Herald.*

## One of Our Merchant Princes

Took out life insurance in The Prudential five years ago for which he pays a yearly premium of . . . . . \$7,087.50

Recently the Company credited him with a cash dividend of . . . . . \$6,012.50

But he valued Prudential Protection more than ready cash and so he has used the dividend to purchase paid-up insurance for . . . . \$14,250.00



This gives an idea of how valuable the Five Year Dividend Policy of The Prudential is proving to Policyholders.

Policies from \$1,000 up.

Suppose you send for specimen policy showing Cost at Your Age?

Write Dept. P. No obligation.

## The Prudential

Insurance Company of America

INCORPORATED AS A STOCK COMPANY BY THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

### THE RIDICULOUS DANCERS.

He looked at the mad people dancing,  
And thought it a marvel that men  
Could speak of such things as entranc-  
ing;

He knew that he never again  
Might picture the scene without sad-  
ness,

And he sat in the clutch of despair,  
Where the gods might have given him  
gladness

Unmeasured, if She had been there.

He heard the soft murmurs of lovers  
Who lurked where the deep shadows  
fell,

And the spell of the music that hovers  
Where love and love's fortunes go  
well,

Was upon them who looked with glad  
glances

Into faces they fancied were fair;  
But theirs were the foolish romances  
Of earthlings, for She was not there.

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

### FEARSOME PROSPECT.

With a shudder the unhappy man  
drops the paper he has been reading.  
Then, looking nervously about him, he  
recovers the paper and thrusts it into  
the fire.

"My wife must not see that," he  
mutters to himself. "If she should  
read that article urging that men's hats  
should be trimmed and decorated the  
same as women's she would at once  
begin planning for me to wear her last  
spring's millinery with a slight altera-  
tion." —*Chicago Post.*

UP to date, Mr. Perkins is still hold-  
ing the record as the only man who  
ever returned the goods. —*Wash. Post.*

## Pure



good  
old  
RED  
TOP  
RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS  
CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

## GRAND HOTEL RONAI

Most Comfortably Equipped.  
Radium Sulphur Mud Baths

PÖSTYÉN, Hungary



III.

### SPRING STYLES ON THE RESERVATION.

The new phosphorescent paint for ghost-dance costumes is popular.

Miss Moonlight-on-the-Mountain is wearing a fetching headdress composed of the tail feathers of the chicken that was mysteriously lost by one of the palefaces last week.

The modistes are getting in their spring stocks of paint. Economical women are buying it by the gallon, but those who wish variety of costume are taking several pint cans of different colors.

Miss Sun-in-Her Eyes, the bewitching daughter of Hog Bristle Pete, appeared in a new riding habit Tuesday. It is made of a blanket from a Pullman car, tied at the waist with barb-wire.

Madam Bucket-of-Water, wife of Big Chief Stand-on-His-Head, has imported from Paris her spring costume, consisting of a hand-made coffee sack and a tube of ultramarine blue from one of the leading studios. —*Chicago Post.*



### Cleaned Instantly

With a wipe, not a wash, and are as good as new. Money, time and trouble saved.

### Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs.

Not celluloid, not rubber. They realize the dream of the economist and the well dressed man. Never wilt nor crack. Cost little but save much. In all the latest styles.

Collars, 25c. each. Cuffs, per pair, 50c.

If not in stock at your shirt store, remit to us, stating size, style, and how many, and we will mail to your address, postpaid.

Catalogue, with cuts of styles, sent free on request.

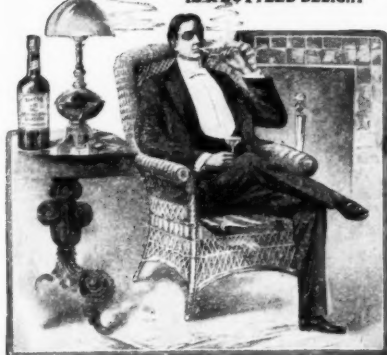
THE FIBERLOID COMPANY,  
2 Waverly Place, - New York.



IV.



## A Club Cocktail IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base). The following label appears on every bottle:

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act, Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.  
Hartford New York London

"ON EVERY TONGUE"

**I. W. Harper Rye**

Judges of Good Whiskey Prefer It

SOLD BY Leading Dealers

### HOW TO GET RICH.

Find a railroad worth a million, by bad management run down;  
Get the necessary margin from some banker in the town;  
Buy the road and give a mortgage to secure the balance due,  
Then the golden stream of fortune will come rolling up to you.  
Stock and bond for twenty millions, sell for cash in blocks to suit;  
Pay your debts off and be happy with your nineteen millions loot.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHEN a man gets a letter from a woman and finds that it is written right straight along on pp. 1, 2, 3 and 4, in proper order, how she rises in his estimation!—Somerville Journal.

MANY a man who has his price gives himself away.—Chicago Daily News.

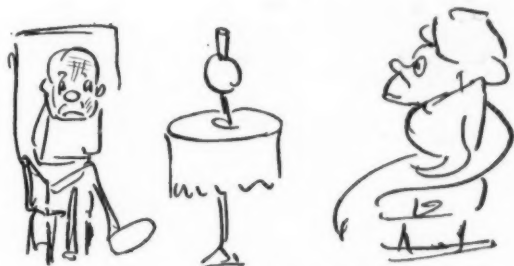
# Garrick Club Whiskey



The Whiskey for all Occasions

"THE BEST IN THE HOUSE"

Alfred E. Norris & Co., Proprietors, Philadelphia



(Drawn by John, the Porter.)

BEGINNING AT HOME.

WIFE.—Do you believe in universal disarmament, James?

HUSBAND.—Well, I think women should keep their finger nails cut short?

It's the proper thing to take Abbott's Bitters with a glass of sherry or soda before meals; gives you an appetite. At all druggists.



Of the hundreds of U. S. Pure Food Inspectors, not ONE will drink, buy or recommend counterfeit whiskies. They KNOW that the ONLY protection the public has is to drink "Bottled in Bond" Whiskies like

## Sunny Brook The Pure Food Whiskey

It is absolutely TRUE that this famous Kentucky distillation was obeying the National Pure Food Law many years before it was thought of or enacted. Every bottle of Sunny Brook Rye or Bourbon is Bottled under the direct supervision of U. S. Internal Revenue Officers, who affix over the neck of every bottle the Government "Green Stamp," guaranteeing Age, Purity and Quantity.  
Of the hundreds of samples analyzed by the North Dakota Pure Food Department chemists—acknowledged to be the most rigid in the U. S.—Sunny Brook was the only whiskey found NORMAL.

Sold by all first-class dealers

## After SHAVING use POND'S EXTRACT

Nothing else is so soothing and so beneficial to the skin. Nothing else is so

REFRESHING and HEALING

Refuse all substitutes. Many are adulterated with active poisons.

Insist on having

POND'S  
EXTRACT

The Standard for 60 Years.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO.  
Agents  
78 Hudson St., New York

THERE'S a striking difference between ordinary ale and the delicious blending of the fragrant hop contained in every bottle of

## Evans' Ale

THERE you find ale in its best and most enjoyable form. The difference is not alone in the ingredients—there's the brewing and bottling as well.

Clubs, Restaurants, Cafes and Dealers.



### HANDS ACROSS THE THRESHOLD.

It appears that the railway presidents met and finally decided they would hand President Roosevelt a Mellen.

What he handed them in return hasn't been made public. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### HIS REASON.

"Why do you insist on going on a lecture tour after you have done all that is required of you in Congress?"

"Well," answered the candid patriot, "a man can't be idle all the time." — Washington Star.

FRIEND.—You say one of your patients was cured of lung trouble by falling into a fortune?

DOCTOR.—Yes, he breathed easier after that. — Detroit Free Press.

## DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

You Can Easily Own a Diamond or Watch. Pay one-fifth on delivery. Balance in 8 monthly payments. Catalog free. Write today. LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Dept. D 50, 92 State St., Chicago, Ill.

### PROFOUNDLY CONSIDERED.

"Remember," said the man who loves trite sayings, "the early bird catches the worm."

"My dear sir," answered the professor, "this proverb, like many others, is misleading. It is often undesirable to be early. For instance, the mound builders were the earliest people of whom we have any knowledge on this continent. Yet from the modern point of view their situation is entirely disadvantageous." — Washington Post.



20TH CENTURY LIMITED — 18-HOUR TRAIN TO CHICAGO  
New York Central and Lake Shore.



ADVICE TO YOUNG COUPLES ABOUT TO BUILD—DON'T!